VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

VOL. 1. ORGAN OF THE NEW ENGLAND WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION. NO. 50.

LOWELL, MASS., FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 29, 1846.

VOICE OF INDUSTRY,

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

AT No. 76, CENTRAL ST., LOWELL, MASS.

BY THE

N. E. WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

W. S. FLETCHER, SARAH G. BAGLEY, JOEL HATCH, } PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

TERMS:—$1,00 In Advance.

☞ All Communications should be directed (POST PAID,) to the Voice of Industry.

Poetry.

The following beautiful production of Longfellow, we consider one of the gems of the English Language. It cannot, we think, be read by a person of sentiment without pure and sublime emotions and strongly depicts, with vivid power, the youthful and ardent aspirant in his progress up the dangerous and dizzy heights of fame, leaving behind him all the honors and riches of this world, and intent only on the object of his pursuit, far onward and upward before him. Whoever has heard those delightful vocalists, the Hutchinsons, sing in their inimitable manner, this most delightful poem, cannot but pronounce it

'Excelsior.'

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore mid snow and ice,
A banner with this strange device—
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rang,
The accents of that unknown tongue—
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright—
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead!
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And back that clarion voice replied
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy wearied head upon this breast!"
A tear was in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good night;
A voice replied far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight, cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and fair,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

Golden Sands.

HOUR OF DEATH.—It will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death, to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow, than to have ruled an empire—to have conquered millions or enslaved the world.

We cannot tell the precise moment when friendship is formed. As in filling a vessel drop by drop, there is at last a drop which makes it run over, so in a series of kindnesses, there is at last one which makes the heart run over.

The woman of sensibility, who preserves serenity and good temper, amidst the insults of a faithless and brutal husband, wants nothing of an angel but immortality.

Nothing is such an obstacle to the production of excellence, as the power of producing what is pretty good with ease and rapidity.

As easily expect oaks from a mushroom bed, as great and durable products from small and hasty efforts.

He whose first emotion on the view of an excellent production, is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to show.

The hardest trial of the heart is, whether it can bear a rival's failure without triumph.

Time was when industry was fashionable, and none were ashamed to practise it.

The battle field is a theatre of immense cost, for the exhibition of crime upon a grand scale.

It is an error, though but few are guilty of it, to suppose that all religion lies in minding only the life to come, and disregarding all things in the present life.

Miscellaneous.

THE BRIDE'S RESCUE.

A Tale of the Pawnee Picts.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

On the banks of the Great River, separating Texas from the United States, is situated, some considerable distance above the Washita, a village of the Shawnee Picts. A more picturesque and striking scene was, perhaps, never presented upon that wilderness of sublimity. The wigwams were situated on a narrow plain, its dimensions being circumscribed by the huge mountains of rock that rose in the rear. In shape they slightly differed from the ordinary Indian lodge, having at the summit of the usual dome room, a chimney giving them much the appearance of lime-kilns. They were, moreover, fashioned of prario grass, thatched over long poles causing some affinity in look, to straw beehives. The village was approached from the river by a road between the well-cultivated corn-fields of the tribe; fields fenced as carefully as any more civilized appurtenances. Behind the wigwams, which were scattered profusely over the plain, rose the rugged hills above alluded to, naked barren and gloomy, even in their somewhat imposed grandeur. The Pawnee Picts are a powerful and numerous tribe, possessing many arts and habits, which raise them high above their immediate neighbors. Agriculture is by far the most important, and this they carry to so high a state, as to possess vast fields of maize, pumpkins, melons, beans and squashes.

About twelve years ago this great tribe was ruled by Watorasharo, and under his guidance the Tow-ee-aghe—for so they call themselve—became the most dreaded of nearly every race bordering on the Red River, their power being much enhanced by an alliance with the Kioways and Wicos, as well as with the great and warlike race of the Comanches. Shyseroka was the chief second in command as great in the battle field as was his superior in the council hall. The two braves were, as is not always the case between rival great men, bosom friends; and having from boyhood entertained this feeling, were desirous of cementing their long tried feelings by an alliance. From childhood, therefore, She-de-a, or Wild Sage, had been the intended wife of the Swift Cloud, the former being the daughter of Shyseroka, the latter son of Watarasharo. It is, in general, the rule when such designs are entertained by two elderly persons with a view to their own mutual satisfaction, that the young people should take a corresponding dislike one to the other. So it is almost ever in romance, the writers of which, requiring difficult positions to be overcome, find this a very useful event. We, however, who are recording a wild legend of the prarie, have not the satisfaction of having so useful a circumstance to extend our simple story. On the contrary, from their youngest days, the intended husband and wife learned to love each other, and strange to say, in contradiction to received Indian customs joined together in the dance, the ball play, and the race. Wild Sage looked upon the Swift Cloud ever as her husband, and fondly, devotedly gave up to him the full richness of a woman's love.

At length the lovers came of age, when, according to an Indian received custom, it was fitting for them to marry, and due preparations were made for the eventful occasion. Wild Sage had become a pretty woman, both in form and feature, and though very dark, had a pleasing and agreeable expression. Clothed in her plain costume, with long black hair floating over her bare shoulders, she would have been admired even among the fair maidens of Europe. The Swift Cloud was a handsome warrior, though, as usual with his tribe, of somewhat heavy figure. It was, however, now the season when the buffaloes were expected to appear, and their arrival being delayed much scarcity reigned in the tribe. Their store of meat was exhausted. In vain the young men, headed by the Swift Cloud, scoured the whole country round, not one of the much wished for animals was to be seen

A scout was stationed on the very summit of the Mountain of Rocks to herald the glad tidings, and his keen eye wandered from hour to hour over the vast plains. One morning soon after dawn, he gave the welcome signal the importance of which can only be understood, when we reflect that the buffalo is the Indian, all that sheep and cattle are to us, with the additional circumstances of being wild and uncertain in their movements.—Hastily did the young prepare—mounting their horses, stringing their bows, filling their quivers, and casting off every unnecessary garment. Their bright spears received new polish, too, from being run into the ground; and then away went the young warriors, with Swift Cloud at their head, flying over the bluffs, crossing the stream, and darting across the gracefully swelling prairie.

Gladness and rejoicing now reigned in the Pawnee Pict village; for famine had been, and now abundance lay upon the plain within their reach. Dancing and feasting on what yet remained, testified their delight, in which old and young, men and women equally joined. Wild Sage had watched her lover with an anxious eye, leave the village, and wishing to be the first to herald his return, had climbed to the summit of a pile of straw, stacked at the entrance of the camp. For hours nothing caught her eye, but at length a wild shriek burst from her agonized lips stayed the round of rejoicing, and all arose. A single mounted warrior had just passed the edge of the bluff bank, on the opposite side of the river, flying for his life; and then another and another came hastening on, urging their steeds to the utmost, and goading them mercilessly, their downward flight toward the river. As they gained the village, their wounds, their consternation, and the absence of some dozen of their company, told the tale of their disaster. Their hereditary foes, the Sioux, had assume the disguise of buffaloes grazing on a distant plain, which when reached by the hunters, they found deserted.

From a neighboring ravine, however, came riding, on fresh and unbreathed horses, a band of more than a hundred Sioux. Taken unawares, the Pawnee Picts fought for a moment but being overpowered by numbers, soon fled, leaving some dozen dead or wounded on the field. Among these was the Swift Cloud.

Dire was the consternation of the tribe; women and children screamed, and ran to hide themselves; the grim and excited warriors congregated together, and soon issued on the plain a very cloud of cavalry, still leaving enough to defend the village. Deep and silent was the grief of Wild Sage. A few days before her marriage; and her husband was either dead, or a prisoner amid the lodges of the Sioux, reserved for tortures and torments, which were worse to think of even than the sure evidence of his death. But Wild Sage as yet gave not way to overwhelming sorrow. There was still hope, and she clung to this darling feeling with a tenacity which gave life and animation where else would have been utter despondency. Towards evening the warriors returned, bearing with them the two prisoners, one an aged, the other a youthful warrior; the father having been taken in a vain attempt to save his son, who was wounded. Wild Sage rushed to meet the returning group, and her whole bearing asked the question that was bursting from her her lips, and yet she spoke it not.—Her father gazed tenderly on her for a moment, and then the stern feelings of a warrior assumed the mastery.

A council was summoned before which the prisoners were carried to learn the fate which awaited them. Before, however, any decision had been promulgated, emboldened by love, Wild Sage stepped forward, and addressing her father, asked for the Swift Cloud. Neither he nor the young warriors present had learned anything of his fate. Wild Sage fell back amid a murmur of commiseration even from that stern assembly of warriors; as she did so, her eye lighted on the countenance of the younger Sioux prisoner, where lurked a smile of derision. Wild Sage sprang toward him, and exclaimed, "Dog of Sioux, where is the bravest of the brave, the Swift Cloud of the Pawnee Picts?" "Swift Cloud is a squaw; his lance was a reed; he fell not, he is a prisoner with my people. But would my sister save him?" "At the expense of my life, thou lying Sioux." "Give me freedom, and it shall be done. Wagh!" said the Sioux warrior coldly. The Wild Sage, no sound of disapproval being heard, continued her colloquy: "And if the Pawnee warriors give a horse and bow to thee, what proof have they that thou art not a skulking wolf?" "An aged hemlock dwells with them; its life will answer for the truth of the young sapling." "And does the Sioux wolf ask nothing but his own life to render back that of the Swift Cloud?" asked the girl, with something of a tremor in her tones, "or has the wolf the cunning of a fox, and does he seek more than life for life?" "The fox of the Sioux will mate with the Wild Sage of the Pawnees." A murmur of fury at this audacious proposition ran through the assembly, but instantly subsided. The Wild Sage, her bosom heaving and her eye flashing fire, continued: "Will the Fox be content with his own life and that of the aged Hemlock?" "I have said," replied the Sioux, falling back and folding his arms.

"Brothers," said the Wild Sage, turning toward her people, "the Swift Cloud is gone. The Manitou has veiled his face from him, and he has fallen into the pit of the hunter. He is not a chief, but he is the son of a great chief; his life is dear to his tribe; his arrow stands on the summit of the leaping rock; the the rock of mountains; his foot has been there, all can see it. A girl speaks, and speaks strong, and speaks fast. What's a girl's life to a warrior's? Swift Cloud is the lord of the Wild Sage; she will save him!" With these words, the excited girl relapsed into silence, when after a moment's pause, her father spoke. "Will a Pawnee girl mate with the Fox of the Sioux? "I have said," replied Wild Sage, "the life of a girl is nothing to a warrior." A solemn silence ensued, when the chief of the tribe, the father of Swift Cloud rose: "Daughter," said he, "a Pawnee girl is dear to her tribe, but she has spoken and her voice has sounded sweet. The Sioux dog is hers, to live or die." Wild Sage said no more, but beckoned the released victim to follow her, and left the council chamber. In an hour the girl and her Sioux companion left the camp. They had agreed that on the Fox obtaining the liberty of the Swift Cloud, the young Pawnee girl was to give herself freely to be the wife of the Sioux, whose father was also then to be released. This decided, no further conversation took place between them until, on the evening of the fourth day, they came within sight of the Sioux village, which lay on the plain at their feet. The warrior then proudly dashed forward, and entered the circle of Wigwams amid the plaudits and rejoicings of his companions, who little expected to see him return alive, much less with so fair a prisoner. After receiving many friendly congratulations, the Fox turned toward his own lodge, and there placed the silent maiden under the charge of his favorite wife. This done, he stalked from the wigwam.

The Sioux squaw was young and fair, and knowing at once the fate of the Pawnee prisoner, viewed her intrusion with dread. With womanly tenderness, however, she endeavored to sooth her sadness, and to learn its cause. But on this subject, Wild Sage was silent, simply expressing her dislike to a union with the Fox, her heart being given to another. It is very doubtful, if the latter proviso had not been mentioned as a reason for disliking an union with the Fox, but that the Sioux would have felt hurt at any woman not being proud to become the squaw of so great a warrior; as it was however, it increased her desire to console one who was no willing rival, and long ere the husband returned, a good understanding had been established between these two young and attractive girls. It was late ere the Fox entered the wigwam, and the Wild Sage at once questioned him. "Swift Cloud lives, but at break of day my people will see how a Pawnee warrior can weep." Disregarding the sneer at her tribe, She-de-a replied: "Does a Fox betray his word, or will his cunning set the young hope of his tribe free?" "I have said," continued the Sioux, "the fair rose of the Pawnees will follow, and see that the word of the Fox is as sure as his arrow."

Wild Sage, an anxious fire gleaming in her eye, rose and followed the warrior out into the silent camp.

All was still; the turbulent spirit of Dahcotahs were hushed to rest; the watch-dogs slumbered near the fires, taught to disregard all sounds save those emanating from without, or from persons entering the confines of the wigwam. With a beating heart, and with tho'ts which were of a mingled and anxious character, the Wild Sage followed her guide. She was about to save the life of her affianced by a sacrifice to which death had been preferable; but the heart of the Pawnee Pict maiden knew no hesitation, it fluttered not in doubt of herself, but from fear that their attempt would fail. At length they approached the wigwam which contained the prisoner. Within sight of this, the Fox concealed the girl where she could see without being seen. This done, the ruthless Dahcotah approached and sheathed his dagger, quick as lightning, in the bosoms of his countrymen. The Wild Sage could scarce believe her eyes, and a low exclamation of horror and surprise burst from her lips. A groan of anguish at her side made her turn. A young Sioux girl was by her, sent by the wife of the Fox to watch her husband's movements. Before, however, a word could pass Swift Cloud came forth, and after a few words of gratitude to his preserver, hurried from the camp eager to join his bride. Little did the joyful and courageous warrior think, as he caught and bestrode one of the horses of his enemies, and galloped furiously over the plain, that every step took him further and further from his beloved.

The Fox and Wild Sage, the latter silent and wrapped in deep thought, turned toward the former's wigwam, not however before the ruthless Dahcotah had intimated his intention of wedding his prize on the morrow at early dawn. The girl replied not, following her captor without a word, while the Sioux girl had disappeared ere the Fox was aware of her presence. But little rest did She-de-a have that night. Toward morning, however, slumber overcame her for an instant, and then she was rudely awoke by yells and cries from all parts of the tribe. Waking She-de-a and bidding her follow him, the Fox hurried to the centre of the village, whither the bodies of the murdered Sioux youths had been borne. To the horror of Wild Sage, and the unfeigned surprise of the Fox, the Swift Cloud was in the midst, tied to a stake, with some dozen furious hags dancing around him the frightful dance of death, while he stood without moving a muscle, a slight smile of contempt curling upon his lips. Order being at length restored, the chiefs assembled in a half circle, and sat down with their faces toward the prisoner. Then rose the principal warrior of the tribe, and addressing his people in terrible terms, recapitulated the circumstances as they seemed clearly presented to them, and asked if any punishment could be too great for him who had thus treacherously slain two of the most promising warriors of the tribe—one his own son. Silently and solemnly all, including the Fox, (who promised Wild Sage to deliver him) gave their verdict, which was death, after awful torments, to the Pawnee warrior, who equally stern with his foes, spoke not a word. An explanation would have argued fear of death, and Indian stoicism forbade its being given.

At this moment a young Dahcotah girl burst through the throng. It was the sister of one of the youths, the daughter of the great chief of the tribe. Approaching the bodies, she uncovered the face of her dead brother, and then turned toward the Pawnee. To revile and taunt one who had so deeply injured her, would have been an Indian custom honored by all around. But the girl did nothing of the kind. Suddenly darting back amid the girls, she seized Wild Sage by the hand, and drew her, ere she could say a word, beside her lover. Even he could not restrain one glance of surprise.

The Sioux girl, however, now spoke, and said—"My brother is gone to the happy hunting ground of his people. It is good, but not by a Pawnee Pict. My brother was too brave, too great a warrior to be killed by a bound foe. No! a snake, a crawling snake, a Blackfoot dog, who has painted his face, and called himself a Dacotah, slew my brother!" Deep silence reigned, and in a few words the Sioux girl related all that we have already given. Admiration at the devotion of Wild Sage was soon the predominant feeling, until the girl in withering and bitter accents described the murder of his people by the Fox. She then added, that having witnessed the ruthless deed, and the escape of Swift Cloud, she had awakened several young men, who pursued and overtook the flying prisoner. This she had done that nothing might be wanting to prove her tale, and that her tribe might show their admiration of the heroism even of a Pawnee girl.

The Fox was seized. His bloody knife was another witness against him, and the chief of his tribe rose; "My daughter wears the form of a girl, but her heart is that of a warrior.—She has done well. The Dahtotahs are great braves, they can see good even in an enemy, The child of the Pawnees has come to the camp of her enemies; she trusted a cowardly snake, but she shall find that she is among men. The child of the Pawnees came empty handed: she shall go back full. All is before her, let her choose." Wild Sage thanked her foes in graceful and earnest tones, and claimed at once her admiring and grateful lover, who himself addressed the Dahtotas, and advised that the tribes should henceforth hunt together and war no more. His proffer was accepted, and an escort forthwith departed to take him and his rejoicing bride back to their astonished people. Great were the festivities that ensued and in a week further, the Pawnees met to celebrate, by dances and other ceremonies, the marriage of Wild Sage and Swift Cloud. The Fox was not present, having been thrust with ignominy from the tribe, his wife alone following and comforting him in his well merited adversity.

PUSHING. Keep pushing—that's the right doctrine. We once knew a man who followed it up to a charm. From middle life to old age, he daily pushed ahead and made a comfortable living. Poor fellow?—by a sad misfortune he had lost his right arm and was made stone blind. But he sat not down to weep; his spirits did not leave him. He was poor—what could he do to support himself and family? A thought struck him. He consulted a friend, with whom he went in business in the handcarting line. His partner pulled the cart, while he, blind and with one arm, pushed behind. For years and years, we used to see this old gentleman pushing the handcart along the streets—up hill and through the mud—week in and week out—through snow and through water.

Ye who are about discouraged, learn a lesson from the blind and one-handed cartman.

Push at something and keep pushing. You have eyes and arms, and yet lament your misfortune. Away with such imbecility and push ahead. Never spend a moment in crying over spilt milk. If you do you may as well speak to the sexton to dig your grave.

For the Voice of Industry.

'Speak Kindly—it Costs Nothing.'

Speak kindly, speak kindly;
O what will it cost,
To speak a kind word
To a wanderer that's lost!—
To give the warm pressure,
And point out the way
That leads from sin's night,
To the beams of life's day!

Remember, remember,
That thou, too, may'st stray,
And turn from the brightness
Of life's light away;
When friends will avoid thee,
And cease to caress—
Then remember, remember,
The erring to bless.

O hard is the lot
Of the guilty to bear;
In Peace's sweet dominion
Their hearts have no share;
Then ever speak kindly,
Without taunt or strife,
And give to the dying
The Balsam of Life.

The wretched and outcast
Thy footsteps will bless—
The odors of heaven
Thy pillow caress;—
Each word kindly spoken,
The lost to renew,
Will refresh thy own soul,
Like the morn's early dew. MARY.

For the Voice of Industry.

Stanzas.

Mid the tresses of beauty,
The diamond may shine,
With pearls from the ocean,
And gold from the mine;
But with the Immortal
They claim not a part;—
They win not affection,
They touch not the heart.

But Meekness of Spirit,
And Kindness and Truth,
Are beautiful ever,—
In age as in youth;
And when the illusions
Of beauty and fame
Have passed like a vision,—
These flourish the same. D. H. J.

HOW TO MAKE A HAPPY HOME.—It is not the imposing majesty of a sumptuous mansion nor the obsequious attention of servants, nor even of children, that makes a home of home, and keeps alive the sacred blessedness of a married life. No, but it is the steady exercise of those holy charities, that sooth the sorrows and smooth the asperities of our nature. Those little evidences of sincere esteem, those spontaneous expressions of affection and tenderness, those unpremeditated smiles and tears at each other's joy or sorrow, that affectionate officiousness which volunteers more readily as service becomes more difficult—these are the things that give to home its purest and most powerful attractions; where these abound, the mind reposes in all the confidence of conscious safety and in the satisfaction of ample enjoyment. Mutual respect and attention between man and wife are essential to render them respectable in the eyes of their domestics and children; and also to maintain that healthy flow of soul, that cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit so necessary in bearing the ills and performing the duties of life. As kindness and respectful treatment are due to all persons, so they are especially due to ourselves as wife and husband—for we cannot love those whom we do not respect, nor can they love us in return. Let it then be a principle of established authority, like the Medes and Persians, that change not, to give each that affectionate attention which is mutually due between equals. Let every thing be studiously avoided that goes to lessen either party in their own estimation or in that of other persons; and let it never be forgotten that even a smile, as frown gild with brightness, or overcast with clouds, that most sacred spot on earth, which you call HOME.

A man in Framingham the other day, while waiting for the cars to start, missed from his pocket an early morning paper he had purchased a short time previous in Boston. After looking diligently on the ground for it some time, he informed a wag standing by, of his loss, whereupon the sharp says to our country friend, "Sir your paper has gone to New York."

"Gone to New York?" exclaimed our friend.

Yes! gone to New York. I saw you when you swung the tail of your coat against the Magnetic Telegraph pole, and the paper disappeared on the wires. The greeny turned pale, felt for his wallet, and sloped. We came away.—[Ex. Paper.

The Mayor of Baltimore has received a note signed Mary, enclosing $10, to help furnish supplies for volunteers! Mary is a true patriot, and we hope she will be rewarded by the hand of some brave general.

A man seldom affects to despise the world unless the world is regardless of him.

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

What We Labor for.—The abolition of idleness want and oppression; the prevalence of industry, virtue and intelligence.

LOWELL, MAY 29, 1846.

How the Corporations Procure Help.

CHAPTER I.

In commencing this series of articles, I am aware of the difficulties to be encountered, and the many objections to be met. I shall confine myself to the facts which are of so common occurrence, that it will be impossible to find any one to gainsay what shall be given to the public.

It is a notorious fact, that the Corporations here, have been in the habit of sending out agents to procure help ever since 1836. In that year James Cook, then superintendent on the Middlesex Corporation, went to England, to procure help and brought back quite a number. I am acquainted with some of them and have had the story of the deception used to procure their services, from those upon whom it was practiced.

There have been agents out in the country, for several years past, a part of the time; and of this we do not complain, but why do they talk of the *voluntary* choice of the operatives, and send abroad false impressions about hiring help? Do they not send out men of questionable veracity? Have not there been very serious difficulties from the promise of a large compensation, when they knew it would not be realized? One case that occurred about a year since, is an illustration:—An agent went out and hired all that would count one, without respect to age or condition. He hired one, who was *not* fifteen years of age, and could not be employed by the Company, without a violation of the Statute providing for the education of children. There were no objections made to her, or her parents on account of age, until after she arrived in the city. The agent who hired her informed her then, that she must tell them at the counting-room, that she was sixteen years old, or she could not get work; and she could go back alone,—of course the girl gave her age to suit the circumstances. She had been promised $1,00 per week and board and went to work. It was a five weeks payment, and when she received her pay, she had but *ten cents* left, after paying her board; or two cents per week. She had a friend in the city, who interfered in her behalf and compelled the company who employed her, to send her back to her friends, or pay the fine imposed by the laws of Massachusetts, for hiring a child under fifteen years, without a certificate of having attended school three months in the year. That the company is responsible for such violation of truth is quite evident, from the fact, that the same man is kept out, most of the time, and if they did not approve of his course, they most assuredly would not employ him. This is not a solitary instance, there are scores of them; and we might write not only a column of a paper, but a volume of such frauds.

The agents who hire the girls, often find it necessary to pay their expenses. A case of this kind came under our observation a few days since. Our informant was in company with the girls in question, and gave the facts as follows:—"Five girls were hired, and an agreement made to pay their expenses. They started in company with a girl who had been in Lowell before, and the agent went in another direction, after giving them the 'needful' for their journey. He told them he had arranged to give them a ticket from a given place on their journey, through to Lowell. They bought the ticket, as directed, and it took every farthing they had, and they rode from Lower Canada to Lowell without eating or drinking, except a little cake furnished by their friends. They had not means to buy lodging, and were furnished with it, by the benevolence of some passengers who would not let them sit up for want of a bed."

We press the enquiry: are not the men who send out such agents, responsible for their violation of truth and honesty?

The names of all the persons alluded to, are in our possession, and will be given if requested.

Who does not seek to be loved? When time and years have chilled us, when we can no longer afford to send our souls abroad, but from our own superfluity of life and sensibility spare the materials out of which we build a shrine for our idol, then do we seek, we ask, we thirst for that warmth of frank, confiding tenderness which revives in us the withered affections and feelings, long buried perhaps, but not dead. Then the excess of love is welcomed, not repelled; it is gracious to us as the sun and dew to the scarred and riven trunk, with its few green leaves. Such is life, and such its claims to the affections of others. We repeat,—who does not seek to be loved?

☞ We acknowledge the receipt of the June No. of Godey's Magazine, which stands unrivalled in the literary world. Its embellishments are of a high order which add much to its beauty and worth. The mention of Mr. T. S. Arthur as one of its contributors, is enough to ensure it an extensive circulation and a hearty welcome with all its readers.

☞ Will the "Chronotype" inform us, where in Lowell, it is for sale.

Reform Reading Room—A SUGGESTION.

We wish to say a few words to our brethren and sisters of the Reform Movements in this city, on a subject which has occupied our thoughts considerably for the last few weeks. One of our most pressing wants, at the present time, it has seemed to us, is a public room, or hall, to be made a place of resort for the friends of Progress. We need a gathering place where, when we feel disposed to do so, we can come together for social communion, reading and amusement—a place that shall be a kind of head-quarters, and where friends from abroad can call and find some one to give them any information they may desire with regard to the various reform movements in the city. Such a room should have a central location and should be open day and evening. It might and should be made a Reading Room, furnished with all the best periodical and other publications of the day, especially those devoted to Reform, and open to all the friends of Progress and of Humanity. A library might ultimately, if not immediately, be connected with such a room. The expense might be paid in a way that would not make it a burden to any one, and we are *sure*, we think, that nothing that we can do, at the present time, will better promote the cause of Reform than the plan proposed, or a similar one. If ignorance is the cause of the evils under which society is groaning, and knowledge the remedy, we certainly ought to strive to diffuse knowledge as widely as possible.

As a plan to pay the expenses of the Reading Room, we would merely suggest, that those who wished to avail themselves of its privileges, and others interested in the cause, might make a trifling regular contribution, say ten cents a month, for its support. A hundred individuals paying ten cents a month would pay $120 per year, which would go far towards paying the whole expense of the room, which would also, be used for Sunday Meeting, Social Reunions &c. Nearly all the papers and periodicals that we should need might be procured without expense. Publishers friendly to the cause would send them to us *gratis*. The exchanges of the "Voice" might, many of them, be appointed to that purpose, and individuals might contribute books and papers occasionally.

To meet the expense of the Sunday Meetings, a contribution of one or two cents each week from each individual attending them would be amply sufficient.

We have thrown out these thoughts merely as suggestions. Think of the subject and speak and act as your convictions may dictate. D. H. J.

To the 'Circle' for Mutual Improvement.

By an appointment made by the Union Association, the duty of an introductory address to this "Circle for mutual improvement" devolves upon me. I sincerely regret that you had not selected some other member, who had not spoken so often and freely to you, upon the subject of mutual improvement. It can hardly be expected that I can give you any new thoughts, after having urged this subject so often upon your attention. You will therefore pardon the repetition which is quite unavoidable, under the existing circumstances.

The duty we owe to each other, and above all, to ourselves, makes such a circle absolutely necessary. Can we be satisfied with ourselves, and make no progress in writing? Can we sit down after a wearisome day's toil and not find a new thought upon which the mind may rest for a brief space? I am aware of all the obstacles to be encountered, and the difficulties to be met. I know them, as most of you know them, by painful experience. I feel disposed to speak kindly and charitably to you, and yet I cannot but urge you to the duty of self-cultivation. And whatever sacrifice it may cost, let it be made cheerfully. Do not say "I have no time," we are all aware of the fact; but let your frequent communications testify to the circle, that your resolves are omnipotent, and will not be defeated by any circumstances, however unfavorable.

The advantages to us, as social beings, should not be lost sight of. In whatever light the subject of Social Reform, and Improvement may be viewed by others, to me there is but one method—that, is social intercourse, and an interchange of thought. There is no stronger evidence to my mind, of the progress of any cause, than the free expression of thought upon the subjects embraced by its advocates.

One of the objects of this Circle, is, to give an opportunity for free expression; and we trust no one will lose so good a chance to utter his or her thoughts freely. As there is a great variety of tastes and opinions, let there be as great a variety of subjects, presented.

We are in no danger of infidelity or fanaticism, by free discussion; and he who would shut up a free soul, within the narrow limits of a creed, in these days of Progress and Reform, has yet to learn, that the mind of man is greater than all parchment, and will not be driven into dark caverns by any theology save that written by the Great Architect, on the blue arch of heaven.

The duty of self-instruction to us all, should urge us to this duty. Those who have time and means to educate themselves, might neglect to meet us here; but we, whose time and opportunities for cultivation, are so very limited, can find no possible excuse for neglecting this duty, which we owe to ourselves and this circle.

Let no one say they cannot contribute for want of ability. This excuse is just such a reason as ought to be given *for* writing. We might assign such a reason for refusing to learn to sing, or learn any other science. In writing as in every thing, "practice makes perfect," and those who refuse such discipline are untrue to themselves and may never expect to be better qualified, than they now are, to interest or instruct us.

Finally, let us meet promptly, and be determined that we will bring something to amuse or edify those who are present, and we shall make our meetings not only pleasant but profitable; and shall be enabled to send out an influence which shall be felt and approved, by all within the range of our example. S. Q. A.

The Industrial Congress.

The first meeting of this body convenes at Boston next Wednesday. We earnestly desire a good attendance from the various New England Associations. Lowell has chosen the following delegates:

Female Labor Reform Association.—Mary Emerson, Sarah G. Bagley, M. A. K. Tarlton, H. J. Stone.

Industrial Reform Association.—G. W. Hatch, W. F. Young, J. S. Fletcher, E. C. Darlin, N. F. Lund, W. T. G. Pierce, Joel Hatch, John Simpson.

We copy the following constitution to give our readers an abstract idea of the object and aims of this Industrial Body, and hope many of them will be present:

CONSTITUTION.

To establish Equality, Liberty, and Brotherhood among men of every Race: to provide that the Rights of Men, alienable and inalienable, shall be more perfectly understood and guaranteed: to Redeem the Industrial Classes from the condition of Inferiority which has hitherto everywhere attached to Labor: to unite in one the Friends of Humanity: to promote Intelligence, Virtue, and Happiness: this Convention, representing the various useful classes, do adopt and recommend to the people of these United States the following Constitution, as the basis of a New Moral Government.

ART. I. The style of this instrument shall be the Constitution of the Industrial Congress.

ART. II. This Congress shall be constituted upon the following principles:

1st. Its members shall be elected annually by bodies or associations of men or women who subscribe to these principles, to wit: That all men are created equal: that they are endowed by their Creator with certain Inalienable Rights; among which are the Rights to Life and Liberty; to the use of such a portion of the Earth and the other elements as shall be sufficient to provide them with the means of subsistance and comforts to Education and Paternal Protection from Society.

2. They shall be elected by associations consisting each of 5 or more persons and less than 50, male or female, above the age of 18 years, every such association being entitled to one representative and every association being entitled to one additional representative for every additional fifty of its members: *Provided, always*, that no association shall be entitled to any representation whatever in this Congress unless all its members shall have subscribed to all the principles under the 1st head of this article.

ART. III The Congress shall assemble on the first Wednesday of June of each year. Their first assembling shall be in the City of Boston; their 2d in the City of New York; their 3d in the City of Philadelphia; and their 4th in the City of Cincinnati; after which it shall be left to each Congress to determine where they next meet. Every session shall continue for seven days or more.

ART. IV. The Laws of this Congress, being intended to embody and represent the collective intelligence of the great producing and other useful classes of the country, will be advisory and recommendatory, having of whatever moral force may dwell in their truth and wisdom, and none other.

P. P. H. of East Bradford, is informed that his paper has been mailed regularly; but has been directed to Freeman, instead of Phinehas P.

News About Town.

There seems to be a great stir among the papers of this city, respecting a pig with six legs; as though it was a great curiosity, but they have a full grown *frog* on the Massachusetts, with only two, and *squint* eyed at that.

Three Meteors were seen last Friday evening, a little past nine o'clock in a South Eastern direction—two of them very large. They were very brilliant in appearance, and in falling, left a long trail following them.—They all fell in the space of about one minute.

There was a man who passed our office, a few days since, who, report says, is so tall that he cannot reach his own head to comb it, without using a ladder.

FORWARD MARCH.—The Phalanx Company of this city, have volunteered to go to Mexico. They take up quarters at 'Fort Independence' for the present.

SPECULATION.—57 girls from Maine, arrived at the Lawrence counting-room, one day last week.

A grocer's horse struck a lady as she was crossing the street, one day last week, knocked her down, and injured her so much, that she has since died.

PATRIOTIC.—A flag was extended from the Advertiser office, one day this week, with the significant inscription:—"American Arms Triumphant!" "Two Battles Fought!" The office was splendidly illuminated in the evening.

COMMUNICATIONS.

HOLLIS, N. H. MAY 20.

DEAR VOICE:—In taking up my pen to address you a few lines, a sort of *unconstitutional editoriality* comes over my mind, and I almost fancy myself seated in that old chair with no arms or back, talking about "our sheet," "our correspondents" and "our cause." But these green fields, singing birds, waving trees and balmy breezes remind me that Lowell with its noise and hum, its cotton mills, of irksome and unnatural industry—its palaces, the abode of affluence, idleness and ease, its hovels of squalid poverty, and its humid and gaseous atmosphere, are exchanged for other "quarters" and the sheet and correspondents, (God bless them) have fallen into abler and more experienced hands. But the *cause*—the glorious cause of making Industry what it should be, and what it may and must be, is still mine. I still look upon Labor Reform—not taking a mere bird's eye view of it, as some superficial people are wont to; but in its length and breadth, its height and depth as the Reform of the age,—for our industrial relations form the basis of all human progression and in that degree they harmonize with rational and christian principles, and are adapted to the laws of our natures, shall we become elevated as a people and a race. This to me is a prophetic age—it is big with tendencies of a glorious future, and never has my faith been stronger, than since my departure from your city of industrial anarchy. When I cast my mental vision over the various civilized nations, I find an *element* at work—almost every ship that crosses the Atlantic, brings tidings of its manifestation throughout all Europe,—her laws, institutions and customs are undergoing an unscrupulous investigation. In our own country its analytical influence is being felt in every department of society—like one of old, it has the audacious impiety to open the door of the church—it enters the halls of legislation and scrutinizes the judicial and *legal* transactions of both State and Nation, carefully observing their effects upon the individual and collective condition of the people. For ages past, this christian element has been whispering to congenial spirits *"the Rights of Man!" "the Rights of Man!"* This has led to reflection and investigation, and one after another, has stepped forth as Humanity's pioneers to prepare the way for the incarnation of the glorious truths, that *Man has a right to be free, and that before he can be truly free, he must have the free and full exercise of all the powers of his mind and body towards useful production; and that before he can be thus situated, the original elements—Soil, Air, and Water which Nature has furnished him, as materials to operate upon, must also be free.*—When man is thus liberated from the perpetual and partial, direct and indirect shackles of of primogeniture and Manorism, and stands up in his native dignity, *"a free man,"* and slavery, serfdom and servitude in all their various forms and grades, loose their hold upon him, Labor will become truly elevated—all will labor who are not prevented by accident or disease, because their natures will demand exercise and useful industry will be more congenial and attractive than unproductive activity such as are followed for amusements by the fashionable of the present day, who *practically* consider the farmer and mechanic *"vulgar men."* Under such a state of natural industry, each will produce more than he, or she consumes and none will want more of the products of labor, than can add in the greatest degree to their real good.

Thus the world will be filled with plenty and peace, for avarice with all her cold-heartedness will be converted into a ministering angel to the brotherhood of Man.

To bring about such a state of society, is the aim of our glorious Reform.—It directs a blow at all known oppression; it demands a reform in Nations, States, Churches, and individuals, by asking such a radical change in our industrial system, that men will prefer peace and harmony to litigation, industry to idleness, temperance to dissipation, virtue to vice, and true piety to hypocrisy and deceit.

To accomplish such a work demands labor, faith and perseverance, but it will be done as sure as God and truth are omnipotent. I feel to rejoice and take courage at the many manifestations of the workings of the great Reform Spirit that is every day developing itself around us. The noble heart of humanity begins to beat high. Its pulsations are every where felt,—in the rail road car, the steam boat the stage coach, or wherever you go, the theme merges into "Reform," "Labor, and its rights," "Slavery," the "Gallows," &c., &c., Some for, and others against, but showing thought and agitation on the great objects of life, and human existence. I look to Lowell with much interest. The Voice and the inflexible band of Reform Spirits which have gathered around it, have a moral warfare to fight of no ordinary importance. Be firm—be true—be united—let no minor subject divert you from your holy purpose of redeeming man from Slavery and servitude to freedom and industrial harmony. The Voice stands alone, the advocate of progression and christian (not legal) justice, in a city of inveterate conservatism, and whose social, ecclesiastical, industrial and judicial systems are wedded to error and oppression. The huge incorporate Mammon, whose temple is in Lowell, demands homage of all who enter its walls.

yet may the Voice speak out and spare not, till the people refuse to longer worship this Juggernaut of civilization.

I think great good has been done in Lowell, through "Social Meetings" and Lectures, like those before the "Industrial Reform Lyceum." I hope such means will be kept up. *The working people want knowledge*, as much as bread, and give them knowledge and the bread will not be wanting. I was pleased with Mr. Greeley's lecture, as a whole. Who would ever think him a political editor? He spoke candidly and with much feeling; still, to me, there was a sort of suppression in his lecture, which appeared very much like a disposition to speak out, *and not be heard*. He talked as though that big soul of his was rather an unmanageable customer for the party shackles, and when a noble god-like sentiment escaped, a dozen party imps would start out to drive it back (and often failed at that.) It appeared to me that he panted for that kind of Freedom which causes people to speak many truths plainly, instead of a few ingenious ly, and though he is professedly far in advance of any political editor in the country, yet in my opinion, he is more radical than he professes, and his greatest difficulty is in keeping down the party safety valve. His article in the Tribune, a copy of which I have received, through my friend, Miss B., must go unnoticed till another time, as I have already trespassed too much upon the patience of the reader and will close by assuring you that while I inhale these free and generous breezes, I shall not forget the factory girls and boys of Lowell, or the world.

Yours for human rights. W. F. T.

☞ An intelligent looking, and athletic man came into our office on Tuesday afternoon, and enquired for the former editor of this paper, stating that he had been most "sentimentally" intoxicated for some time, in the lodging room to Richardson & Grant's Restaurateur. After a few moments, he set down and penned the following article, which speaks for itself. O, the iniquity of this Rum business!

Lowell, 26th of May, 1846.

To the editor of the Voice of Industry:

I beg leave to state, that returning down stairs, after having been most sentimentally drunk, I passed the door of the 'Voice of Industry.' I was forcibly struck with the idea, that the Printing Press and more power than the sword. Also having read some of your Journals, I am wholly convinced of my own responsibility to myself and my fellow men. Oh God of mighty wisdom! for 20 years past, I have been a slave! and to whom or what? Answer! to the Demon Alchohol. I am now, only the wreck of fortune—nothing but a moving mass of moral putrifaction—a disorganized Brain, and a putrified Liver. Unfit for Earth—no hopes of Heaven. I am like Cain, a fugitive, and wandering vagabond over the earth—fast approaching to the vortex of ruin. I am almost upon my last dollar of fortune, and the Alms-house stares me in the face. Crime I will not commit. Oh, sir! is there yet a hope? Yes, you would say; rise up and cast off the shackles that have held you in bondage so long. Redeem yourself, and forget not, the obligations that you are under, to your God, and to your fellow beings. Philosophy and Religion, teaches these truths; and yet why do I transgress? When the agony of my friends rushes upon me, like the thunders of heaven, shall I not hear? When the wisdom of Omnipotence has declared no drunkard shall enter Heaven, is it not enough?

I should be happy to see you, and relate my life, but haste forbids.

Be assured, Sir, my prayer is for your good health and happiness, and those around you; and, also, to the cause which you have so manfully sustained. I am, with the highest considerations of respect, yours, H. I. H.

Patriotism!

Who'll Fight? Now is your time, *war spirits!* you that love the smell of gunpowder, and are fond of human butchery! do ye not hear the growl of the accursed demon in the dying cries of seven hundred of your brethren in the South West!

Up, up, and be doing; you have missed something already! hundreds have been slaughtered and you were not there to enjoy the feast of blood.

The widows' and orphans' wail is heard and *you have* not the satisfaction of being instruments in the cause. Towns and cities are to be sacked, and where will be your *share* of the Plunder! Te Deums will have been sung for the glorious achievements of that *gallant* and *christian* bird, and you are not among them.

Come, arouse yourselves; your brother butchers will be reveling in the halls of the Montezumas, ere you have awakened from your lethargy; then gird on your bucklers beat your ploughshares into swords, and pruning hooks into spears, (for the Savior was mistaken when he taught the reverse) fling your caps into the air and shout for liberty; Oh! glorious! glorious! let the welkin ring with Huzzas for the free institutions of your country, *especially* those of the South; let the world know how *Godlike* it is to stand up as a mark to be shot at and receive ten dollars per month for standing fire.

The area of freedom must be extended, then let your watchword be Blood! Blood!! Blood!!!

Translated for the Voice.

A Fable.—From the French.

A Miser having died and been decently buried, arrived on the banks of the Styx, in order to cross with the other spirits, his companions in travel. The boatman, Charon, demanded of him the money for his passage; but was struck with astonishment to see him, instead of paying it, throw himself into the stream and swim across, notwithstanding all the remonstrances which were made. This action put all the powers of darkness into a tumult. Each judge endeavored to find a punishment proportionate to a crime, the consequences of which were so disastrous to the infernal revenues. "Enchain him with Prometheus!" said one. "Associate him with the torments of Tantalus!" said another. "Send him to Sisyphus to help him roll his rock." "No," said Minos, "No—send him back to the earth, that he may see the use which his prodigal heirs have made of his riches!"

Lowell, Mass. D. H. J.

"Variety is the spice of life."

Dear reader, do you love cats, and have you got any at your house? Now I have no particular hatred to the feline species but there, how they act! Confound it, there comes one now, a large gray one with white stockings on and just the least spot of white imaginable on her face; she has a very interesting looking countenance, and to judge from her looks I should think her to be a philanthrophist. But see, she starts for a flower bed, and methinks I can see that benevolent look give place to a sinister expression that betokens no good to some plants that have been working hard to get above ground this fortnight past. I must confess I do not like that in pussy, it really looks spiteful. Now I can see her object, was to break down a lily of the valley, and see again—scat—she's off; now that was malice afore thought; that is to say, I think she meant to do it; and I must say I don't like cats.—But this is not the only one that visits us; we have three other gray ones one black one and a couple of kittens thrown in, which is I think more than our share, for the kittens are worse than their mothers; and we keep a small specimen of humanity that we have in the house trotting about half the time to tell his grandmother that the *cats* are among the flowers; And now reader, if you are in want of a cat, just call yourself and bring a dozen friends with you, you can all be supplied at our neighbors, without their knowing the ess, and you will oblige a friend of humanity, but one not particularly fond of cats.

Dr. Wheeler (whose advertisement can be seen in another column) has a great number of recommendations from respectable sources. The following is one from the Rev. D. F. Richardson, A. M.

This is to certify, that Dr. Noyes Wheeler has been in our Village for several days past. Lecturing upon the science of Phrenology, and examining heads.

He has given the most satisfactory evidence of being thoroughly acquainted with his profession. In analyzing temperaments, locating organs, and determining their influence upon each other, so as to decide accurately the character, I have rarely, if ever seen his equal. Intimate friends could scarcely describe character so perfectly as he has done.

I take pleasure in recommending him to all who may wish for a correct analysis of their own characters, or that of their friends; and feel an assurance, that his examinations and charts, will be of the most accurate and satisfactory kind. Daniel F. Richardson, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Mason Village, N. H. Feb. 24, 1846.

Discharged.

How little people reflect upon the potency of this word—this mandate of capital. It has a more powerful effect upon the toil-worn laborer's nerve than any one on the long catalogue of commands in the tyrant power of Mammon. The ukase of the Autocrat of all the Russias, which sends one of his serfs to the dreary wilds of Siberia, has not a more blighting effect than this mandate of the huge monster, capital, upon the laborer, "You are discharged!" The blood rushes back to his heart, but not from a selfish feeling: oh, no! he must meet his wife, his children. He may assume to be gay, and toss his head with an air of independence; but in this there is no reality. He knows and feels within his soul the degradation to be kicked and buffetted about the world at another man's bidding—a man like himself, formed and fashioned by the same Power; and, perhaps, without the talent, energy or liberality to fulfil his duties as a fellow being, or to appreciate the sublime truth, that all men are created equal; perhaps a low, grovelling miser, a knave, or a tyrant. No matter; there is the mandate—Go forth, and find another master, go forth and sell your physical ability, that is your body in fact, to another. Oh, Mammon worshippers! Can any man who has a wife and family say that it is not so? Why, then, that forced smile? You know you would rather keep a job than look for one. Go ask the wife, the children, and see what they will say; the landlord, the grocer. The wife looks and the children cannot have their new shoes, frocks, &c, because papa is discharged. The landlord watches more closely for his rent, he becomes more pressing; the grocer does not look as pleasant as usual—he is afraid you will want trust. Can you say, then, that the capitalist's mandate has no terrors for you? No! no! we know better; we have met it all—we have read your countenances too often. Why should you be placed in this position? Have you ever asked yourselves the question? if you have not, it is high time that it was done. There is a cause and a remedy for this grievance; but the shape in which the latter will come, is the great problem of the day, and we think we know its solution. But we bide our time.—[Voice of Labor.

GENERAL NEWS.

The War with Mexico!

The War with Mexico absorbs a very large share of the public attention, and in the excitement a thousand idle rumors are given to the public, which it would be well to receive with caution. We condense the following from various sources, principally from the New York Tribune.

There have been two engagements between Gen Taylor and the Mexican troops; the first occurring on the 7th inst. when Gen Taylor was returning from Point Isabel to his camp opposite Matamoros, in which the Mexicans, numbering from 5000 to 7000, were repulsed.

The action lasted one hour and a half, in which time 600 Mexicans were killed and wounded, and the Americans took 300 prisoners and 8 pieces of artillery. The total loss of the Mexicans in both actions was at least 1200. The Mexican army were so confident of victory that every preparation had been made to celebrate it, but all their preparations fell into the hands of the Americans. In their flight many of the Mexicans took to the rive and were drowned in attempting to swim it.

Farther information has been received that the American consul and all the American residents at Matamoros have been arrested and sent to Saltillo, a small town about thirty miles from Matamoros.

The Galveston Civilian of the 15th says, that on the 13th Gen Taylor received an express from his camp, stating that eight thousand fresh Mexican troops had arrived at Matamoros, and three thousand had crossed the Rio Grande. Gen Paredes is at the head of 15,000 more Mexican troops, on his way to Matamoros.

An extract of a letter from Brazos Santiago, dated May 13, says: Gen Taylor advanced the morning of the first battle into the chapparal, then sent 800 picked men under the charge of Capt. McCall, to reconnoitre; he advanced unnoticed until 3 P M, the army following at a distance, when Capt McCall sent word to Gen Taylor that he had received a charge of grape from the enemy, and lost two men.

The army was then deployed, and Capt May, was ordered to charge on the battery that had thrown the grape if he lost every man; he obeyed orders, took the battery and lost but one man. The battery was commanded by Gen. de la Vega, who was taken prisoner.

Our little army then rent the air with their huzzas, and rushed shouting upon the enemy, committing the most dreadful havoc among them, taking 8 pieces of artillery, 155,000 rounds of cartridge, and 500 packed mules. Gen. Arista's own bedstead contained all his public and private baggage papers, which latter will be of great value, as we now have the key to the whole campaign, which will enable Gen T. to form his plans so as to entirely defeat their designs. We took all and everything they had, four hundred prisoners and the army baggage. The enemy had between 8 and 9,000 troops in the two battles; but we, with 1800 troops completely routed them.

In the decisive battle, Gen Taylor lost about sixty killed and wounded. Maj. Ringgold, well known as the commander of the Flying Artillery, died on the 11th, from wounds received in the action of the 8th.

The Washington Union states that Gen. Scott will probably take command of the army in person. The Union also states that each State and Territory will be called on for its portion of the army. The President has issued his requisition to the Governors of the several States for 26 regiments of 500 men each. Maine is to furnish 3 regiments, New Hampshire 2, Massachusetts 3, Vermont, Connecticut 2, Rhode Island 1.

Still Later.—Gen. Taylor's official dispatches spoil the American part of the story; he places the probable loss of the Mexicans at about 500, and the entire loss of the Americans is but little less.

Immigration from Ireland to this country is going on this season on a large scale. Vessels are almost daily leaving Ireland, crowded with emigrants.

Robert B. Thomas, Esq., the venerable compiler of that excellent and highly popular almanac, well known throughout New England as the "Farmer's Almanac," Died at West Boylston, on Tuesday week, aged 80.

Chaparral.—The whole country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, is more or less covered with an ever green thicket called Chapparal. It grows six or seven feet high, and is composed of mimpit leafs matted with vines. This substance presents a formidable barrier to military horsemen or pedestrians.

A young woman was recently taken to the New York City Hospital from Anthony street with a broken leg, who went by the name of "Johny." It is said that she had acted in the capacity of stage driver nearly three years on one of the omnibus routes in Boston. Dressed in male apparel, she chewed tobacco, smoked segars, drank brandy, and swore as valiently as any of her confederates; and her sex was never discovered. It was during this time that she adopted this name which is now the only one by which she is known.

Cheap Postage to Continue.—The Chairman of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads in the Senate declared in his place on Tuesday, that no change was contemplated in the Rates of Postage. This announcement will be received with general satisfaction in every part of the country.—N. Y. Express.

Patriotism. It state that about fifty members of Congress have applied to the President for appointments, either for themselves or their relatives, in the army, and that there are an immense number of patriotic officers to serve the country, upon the condition of—having a commission. [*U.S. Gazette*

Talent Appreciated.—A woman observed to a friend on Monday that she would not go to Meeting on Sunday evenings, because 6 1-4 cents were charged for admission.—About an hour after the above acknowledgement a "Wandering Jew" with a "music box" hung to his neck, stopped directly under her window, and struck up that delightful tune of "Molly put the kettle on." Accompanying the Jew was a talented monkey, who so delighted the good woman with his funny faces, and merry pranks, that she pronounced him "an excellent monkey," and gave him 12 1-2 cents in aid of his cause. Poor woman!

A Little Boy Hanged.—The son of Mr. Duffee, of Pocahontas county, came to his end in rather a singular manner. A bag of beets was placed by the door on the outside of the house; the little boy got on the bag and placed his head through a crupper that hung over the bag—after getting his head through the crupper, his feet slipped and the little fellow hung by the neck until he was dead. His mother had just missed him and he had been but a few moments absent, when she found her little son in the condition above described. What her feelings must have been is left to those who are parents to enter into; for it is beyond our descriptive powers to portray.—Lewisburg Chron.

There are a million and a half of muskets in the various armories of the United States, all ready to load and fire. In the hands of some of our sportsmen they might soon satisfy the cravings of the Mexicans. [Newburyport Advertiser.

Essex Railroad. The Danvers Courier states that a meeting of the subscribers to stock in this Railroad was held in Salem on Friday, and very fully attended. Nearly $100,000 of the stock is already subscribed, and a determination exist among the friends of the project to complete the undertaking with as little delay as possible. Committees were chosen to prepare by-laws, to solicit subscriptions to stock, and to report a list of officers for the Coporation.

The schooner Franklin, arrived in Boston on Wednesday last, having on board *seventy tons of copper* from Lake Superior, dug from the Cliff mines, belonging to a Pittsburg and Boston Company. The value of the cargo is estimated at *three hundred thousand dollars*

A son of "green Erin" having bought a new bible, commenced his family record, and enrolled the name of his first born thus; "Patrick McCarty, born Aug. 6, 1845, aged 6 years."

A few days ago, two Irishmen, near Chicago drank a quantity of whiskey on a wager. The result was, one died on the spot, and the other is not expected to live.

Speaking of Mexico, Waddy Thompson says: "I do not believe there is a country in the world for which God has done so much—very few for which man has done so little."—[Newburyport Advertiser,

Receipts for the 'Voice.'

C W Benney, Hugh Kelvy, John A Scott, Henry Cave, Joseph Hamilton, David Gebart, Wm Worden, Wm Hough, Edward Blander, Richard McGraw, Isaac Jennings, $1 each; Samuel Mooney, Sarah Campbell, Lucy M Bingham, 50 cts each; C Steveks, Bradford Hill, T Stevens, Wm Burns, S Pisley, R Pixley, Jane Fletcher, C C Dinsmore, M Hemmenway, E B Kittredge, Sarah Blake, Mary Upton, M W Doton, P. Willis, P V Richardson, H W Sargent, 25 cts each.

A CARD.

The Industrial Reform Lyceum take this method of tendering their thanks to the members of the Lowell Brass Band, for their generosity in making gratuitous a part of their services during our recent course of Lectures. Also, for their gratuitous attendance at the "May Party." May they receive that share of public patronage to which their generosity entitles them.

In behalf of the Board,

S. G. Bagley, Sec'y.

Lowell, May 29, 1846.

NOTICE.

☞ The Social Reform Meeting, at Anti-Slavery Hall will be postponed one week, on account of the absence of many of the friends who usually attend.

Per Order,

DR. JOHNSON,

DENTIST!

OFFICE 122 MERRIMACK ST.—(OLD NO. 15.)

GRATEFUL for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon him by the citizens of Lowell and vicinity, during the past year, would express his thanks and respectfully tender the continuance of his services in every department of DENTISTRY. Decayed Teeth filled with Pure Gold, in a perfect manner, and a restoration of the Teeth, (thus filled) to their former usefulness WARRANTED.

MINERAL BREETH, from one to an entire set, inserted in a scientific manner, and in finish and adaptation to the mouth so perfect as to warrant satisfaction; for proof of which he will refer to his work done very worn to this city Teeth cleaned and extracted with care.

N. B. The public will bear in mind that while his prices are from 25 to 50 per cent LESS than were formerly exacted, that his work is warranted equal to any performed in Lowell or elsewhere. Persons visiting this city, in search of work, will find it to their advantage to call at this office. Office hours from 8 A M to 8 P M. 50tf

Phrenology.

DR. N. WHEELER will Lecture and make a public examination of heads, at the Kirk at Chapel, on FRIDAY EVENING, May 29, commencing at 8 o'clock. Admittance to a single hearer—For a Gentleman and two Ladies, 12 1-2 cts; for a Gentleman and Lady, 10cts; for a lady, 5 cts; for a gentleman, 6cts.

Dr. Wheeler has opened an office, up one flight of stairs, WENTWORTH'S BUILDING, between the City Hall and the Depot, Merrimac street, where he will receive visitors, examine heads, describe characters, talents and dispositions, and mark charts.

Ladies and Gentlemen, especially the members of the Lowell Phrenological Society, are requested to call and test the practical skill of the Manipulator for themselves.

☞ Office open day and evening.

Lowell, May 28, 1846.

NOTICES.

☞ The Working Men's Protective Union, Division No. 1, meets at No. 5 Boylston Hall, Boston, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

Wm. J. Kaulback, Sec'y.

The Voice of Industry, is for sale at the following places:—

Lowell.—At the Book Stores, generally; also at Metcalf Merrimack St., Priest's Tilden St. and by E. C. Darling & Co., No. 7 Merrimac st.

Salem.—At Luther Chandler's Periodical Store.

Boston.—By E. W. Parkinas.

Manchester, N. H.—At C. A. Brown's, and N. F. Merrill's Book Stores; also at Capt. Walter French's Restaurator.

Nashua.—At C. T. Gill's Book Store, Exchange Building.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—By John Ferral.

Newburyport.—William Snell & Co., Periodical Agents.

THE LABORERS' UNION ASSOCIATION, South Boston, holds its regular meetings every Saturday Evening, at the "Barker's Building" on 4th street, near "South free bridge," and all who feel interested in the welfare of the producing classes, are cordially invited to attend.

The Library, is open every Saturday Evening for the delivery of books.

Subscriptions to the Library $2,00 a year, for Gentleman, one dollar for Ladies. A relief fund is also attached to the Association, for relief of sick and destitute members.

☞ The Industrial Reform Association of Lowell, hold their meetings on Monday Evening of each week, at 8 o'clock, at 78, Corner of Central and Hurd Streets, and all who feel interested in the welfare of the producing classes, are cordially invited to attend.

Per Order

Lowell, Aug. 28. JOHN SIMPSON, Sec'y.

THE INDUSTRIAL CONGRESS, (first session) will assemble at Boston on the first Wednesday of June next. Delegates will be received from all Associations which recognize the doctrine of Equal Rights including the Right to the Soil, as explained in the Constitution of Congress.

Let it be Remembered—That this paper is upon a firm and permanent basis; a large number of responsible individuals, being personally obliged for its regular issue. Therefore, we trust our friends will not delay sending in their notice for one year's subscription, together with the $1,00 for the same.

☞ The Laborers' Union Association, hold their regular meetings every Friday Evening, at 78, Central street, for the purpose of discussing questions of general interest to Workingmen. Those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

THE Manchester Labor Reform Association will meet every Saturday evening, at Temple Hall, Patten's Building, at half past six o'clock. The members of the Female Association and all others friendly to the great cause in which we are engaged, are most cordially invited to attend.

J. P. CURRIER, Sec.

Jan. 24, 1846.

THE EAST BRIDGEWATER Mutual Benefit Association, hold their regular meeting the first Tuesday of every month.

Thomas Cushing, Sec'y.

Donations to the 'Voice of Industry.'

ABRAM FRENCH,

DEALER IN

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE CLOTHING, TAILOR'S TRIMMINGS, and

Gentlemen's Furnishing Articles.

At the Tailoring Establishment connected with the above, garments will be made to order, in the most fashionable style and best workmanship.

Bank Building, 78 *Central street, Lowell.*

J. JUDSON JUDKINS,

—Dealer in—

BOOKS, STATIONERY AND HOUSE PAPERS.

(Union Bookstore, 29 Central st. Lowell.)

Agent for Bogle's Hyperion Fluid, and McAllister's All-Healing Ointment.....Sabbath School Books and Periodicals furnished at the lowest price. 48

MERRILL & HEYWOOD,

(SUCCESSORS OF POWERS & BAGLEY,)

PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS.

DEALERS IN

Paper-Hangings, Borders, Blank-Books, &c.

Blank-Books made to order, and paper ruled to any pattern. *BOOK-BINDING* done with neatness and dispatch. No. 23 Central street, Lowell.

Joshua Merrill,
C. H. Heywood.

47tf

CENTRALVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

FOR YOUNG LADIES. The Summer Term will commence on Wednesday, June 3d, and continue eleven weeks, under the superintendence of Rev CYRUS MANN as Principal, Miss MANN as Preceptress, and Miss A P MANN, Assistant.

A few young Gentlemen will be received, constituting a separate Department, and particular attention will be paid to those who are preparing for college, or pursuing the higher branches of study.

Board in the family of the Principal—for females, from $1,50 to $1,75, exclusive of fuel, lights and washing.

Tuition.—For common English branches, $3,50; higher branches, $4; Latin, Greek and French, $5. For Music and use of Piano, Ornamental Needlework, Drawing and Painting, a reasonable additional charge will be made.

References.—Rev Messrs Blanchard, Hanks, Child, Person, John Aiken Esq., Dr N Aiken, of Lowell.

Lowell, May 12 1846. 3w48

New Dry Goods,

AT STORE NO. 44 MERRIMACK STREET.

JUST RECEIVED, a great variety of New Goods, adapted to the season, such as Embroidered Muslins, gradated do., India Linens, a new and beautiful article for Spring and Summer dresses, Swiss Muslins, &c. SHAWLS—Best Cashmere (French), Printed de elegant, Promenade, Silk Barege, Bik Silk (Ital.) Damask, Blk and Col'd Ottomas, Rept. with a great variety of others.

N B. Our expenses are small, compared with most other stores of this description; consequently we use to sell at little cheaper than can be bought at other stores. Ladies call and see us. Be sure and remember the store, No ☞ 44 Merrimack street, under the Unitarian church, opposite John street.

48 GEO. J. TARR.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE!

THE subscribers would inform their friends and the public that they have taken the shop No. ☞ 11 Merrimack street, (2) where they intend to manufacture and keep constantly on hand a full assortment of BOOTS and SHOES, of all kinds. They flatter themselves that their former experience in the business, with the assistance of some of the best workmen they can obtain, will secure a share of patronage.

☞ *FRENCH CALF BOOTS* made to order.

TARLTON & GUILD.

Lowell, May 1846. 47tf

WANTED

AN APPRENTICE to learn the Tailoring Business. Apply to Mrs. S. Lesse, opposite No. 19 Hurd street.

Lowell, May 7. 3tf

LOVE IN A PRINTING OFFICE.

I once heard an old Jour. remark, that a printing office was no place for love-making, and I have since experienced the truth of his observation—being now perfectly convinced that the flower of love can never bloom in the midst of types, stands and printing ink.

It was my fortune once to sojourn for a few days in the village of ——. Directly opposite the office was a pretty white cottage, with a rose bush clambering around the casement, and I was not long in making the discovery that the aforesaid white cottage with the rose shaded window, contained a fair inmate—a flower whose beauty far outshone the roses that clustered around the window. She was a little blue eyed saucy looking creature of some sixteen summers. She was the belle of the village. Her name was Mary, sweet, poetic Mary.

"I have a poetic passion for the name of Mary."

It was a beautiful summer morning, and I had raised the window to admit the cool breeze from the flower-decked fields, and it was not long before I preceived that the cottage window was also hoisted, and that sweet little Mary was seated near it, busily engaged with her needle. I worked but little that morning. My eyes constantly wandered towards the cottage window, where little Mary sat, and all sorts of strange and fantastic notions whirled through my fancy-lighted brain, and I began to think I felt a slight touch of what the poets call love, sliding in at the corner of my heart.

A few days passed away, and chance made me acquainted with Mary. Heavens! she was a sweet creature—she had a form that would have shamed the famous Venus de Medici—a cheek that out-blushed the richest peach and a lip that would have tempted a bee from his hive on a frosty morning. I thought, as I gazed on her in mute admiration, that I had never looked upon one so exquisitely beautiful. She seemed the embodiment of all that is lovely and bewitching.

Well, time passed on, and one day Mary expressed a desire to visit the printing office. Gad, thought I, what a chance! I'll do it there, yes there in the very midst of the implements of mine art—why shouldn't I?—Love in the Printing Office, eh! There was something original in that, and I resolved to try it at all hazards.

Well, Mary came to the office, and I explained to her the uses of the various implements of the black art—the press and the rollers—the ink and the stands, and the boxes of the A B C's. I took an opportunity to snatch her pretty lily white hand, and she drew it back, knocking a stick full of matter into pi!

'I must have a kiss for that, my pretty one,' said I, and at it I went. I managed to twist my arm around her waist, and in struggling to free herself, she upset a galley of editorial, a long article on the Oregon question. Nothing daunted, I made at her again. This time I was more successful, for I obtained a kiss. By St. Paul! it was a sweet one, and the little witch bore it like a martyr—she never screamed once; but as I raised my lips from hers, she lifted her delicate little hand and gave me a box on the ears that made me see more stars than ever was viewed by Herschel through his big telescope. Somewhat nettled, and with my cheek smarting with pain, I again seized her waist and said 'Well, if you don't like it, just take back the kiss.' She made a desperate struggle, and as she jerked herself from my arms, her foot struck the lye-pot, and over it went! Another galley of editorial was sprinkled over the floor, and in her efforts to reach the door, her foot slipped and she fell, and in the effort to sustain herself, her hand, her lily-white hand—the same little hand that had come in contact with my ears—oh, horrible!—was stuck up to the elbow in the ink keg! Shade of Franklin what a change came over the beauty of that hand! She slowly drew it from the keg, dripping with ink, and asked me what use I made of that tar! I began to be seriously alarmed, and apologized in the best manner I could, and to my surprise she seemed rather pleased than angry—but there was a 'lurking devil in her eye' that told me there was mischief afoot. As I stood surveying the black covering of her hand, scarcely able to suppress a laugh at its strange metamorphosis, she quickly raised it on high, and brought it down "ker slap" upon my cheek! Before I could recover from my surprise, the same little hand had again descended, and again left its inky imprint on my cheek.

"Why, Mary," I exclaimed, "What are you about?"

"I think you told me you rolled ink on the face of the form," she replied with a loud laugh, and again her hand fit upon my face—taking me a broad slap in the very middle of my countenance, and most woefully bedaubing my eyes. With a light step and a merry peal of laughter, she skipped through the door. She turned back when beyond my reach, and with her roguish face peering in at the doorway, shouted back,

"I say, Charley, what kind of roller does my hand make?"

"Oh" said I, "you take too much ink."

"Ha! ha!" she laughed, "well, good bye, Charley—that's my impression! ha! ha!"

I went to the glass and surveyed myself for a moment and verily believe I could have passed for a Guinea negro without the slightest difficulty.

"And so," said I to myself, "this is love in a printing office. The devil fly away with such love!"

The next morning when the editor came to the office, I rather calculate he found things a little topsy-turvy. However that made no difference to me—for I had "whizzled" long before daylight.

I bore the marks of that scene for many a day, and now whenever I see a lady enter the printing office, I think of little Mary and keep my eyes on the ink keg—and though she was as beautiful as Hebe, I would not venture to touch her with ten-foot pole!

Talk about love in a boudoir—love in a bower—love on a spring seat sofa—love by moonlight, starlight, lamplight, or any other light, and I am with you heart and soul—but I pray you by the ghost of Faust, never talk to me about Love in a printing office!

From the Chronotype.

Man the Creature of Circumstances.

This is none the less true because a man may himself create the circumstances of which he is the creature. Indeed it is more true, as we shall proceed to illustrate. Man is the creature of his clothing. To him, as a biped, it stands in the place of feathers. Without it he is nobody and nowhere—he has fled. He shrinks out of sight or he hardens into marble or bronze. Even a hole or a rent, though very slight, produces a marked effect upon a man. Let the heel, elbow, or knee wear through, and appear or be liable to appear to the beholder, and it produces a great effect upon a man. He shrinks back from society—or, if he must face it, he cannot till he has mustered a sort of dare-devil horse-jockey, bar-room spirit. His style of humanity lowered—its fibre has become coarser. Good new clothes, in good style and taste, seem to fill a natural vacancy or want in the human mind, and form a sort of sub-stratum or foundation upon which the higher powers of the mind can operate and from which they can proceed upwards. This effect is seen in some of those whose clothing is placed upon them without any effort of theirs. A child that is picked up in dirt and rags, washed and neatly clothed will behave itself better. Even the spoiled children of Fortune, whose idleness is enough to ruin angels, are much retarded in their downward course by the handiwork of their tailors and the spotless gettings up of their laundresses. The tailors and dressmakers are in fact a sort of moral life-guard to the aristocracies of the world, and do nothing less than save them from ruin, so far as they are saved. But it clothing is so efficient upon those who are passively invested with it, how much more does it do for those who clothe themselves. Those who by their honest industry earn good clothing, and pay for it, do indeed create circumstances which create back again upon themselves. Some have doubted whether any influence of the many which are put forth upon the people on one of our New England Sabbaths, is more elevating than that of clean shirts and well brushed hats and boots, fairy bonnets and faultless dresses. And these doubts are not without reason. A good coat and other fixings to match, all paid for, will make almost any day sacred, in which a man may have the pleasure to walk out in them. They settle the great preliminary of manhood and give a man a fair chance to exercise the soul, if there is such a thing in him. It is too true there are some who possess nothing of the sort, and whose clothing is as fruitless as the blossoms of a catalpa tree. Even here we see the great power of clothing, it causing some to be mistaken for men who would not otherwise run the least chance of it.

We confess, it does hardly seem proper for such an almost ragmuffin as we are to be preaching such doctrines. But never mind; a man should hold and promulgate sound principles, even if his practice does not correspond. Goodness! If a man's practice is bad, does it help the matter any to make his principles bad also? No. We will never argue for rags and holes, nor even patches, however much we may wear them.

If we wanted to reform society or convert the world at our own expense, the first missionaries we would employ should be tailors and dress-makers and milliners. There is no use of talking about soft water and soap.—They can work no permanent change of themselves. They are only efficient as a preparation for clean clothes. Clean clothes always imply soap and water—not so much and often as could be wished,—but always some. We should like hugely to have placed at our disposal as much money as is now spent in punishing crime, and mending up society after it is torn to pieces, and botching humanity after it has been spoilt, and we would see what we could do with it by way of prevention—of sowing respectability and virtue in the low lands of life to grow up instead of the usual crop of dirt, ragedness and rascality.—We would not get coarse stuff—sackcloths and penitentiary habiliments, but good fine cloths, and have them made up in fashionable style, and then say to our fellow-mortals from next door to rain upwards:

"Come here's a chance, brush off the tears and despondency, wash off the dirt, comb the hair, pay what you can and be gentlemen—be ladies. In the pockets of these garments you may find some directions for using, which you may give what heed to you like. Who supposes that these people would not straightway be found looking out for respectable places and virtuous companions? Who thinks that good sermons, pious exhortations and patriotic addresses would be lost upon them?

Many people are always going with their noses close to the ground, and because they see now and then a puppy in exquisite coat, vest and pants, or a shark gulling the flats by the style of his garments, they think dress is a matter of no importance. But show us a people who are all well clad, and we will show you a people that do not afford materials to make many villains of.

The Eldest Daughter. The deportment of the older children is of great importance to the younger. Their obedience or insubordination operates throughout the whole circle. Especially is the station of the eldest daughter one of eminence. She drank the first draught of the mother's love. She usually enjoys much of her counsel and companionship. In her absence she is the natural viceroy. Let the mother take double pains to form her on a correct model; to make her amiable, diligent, domestic, kind and good; trusting that the image of virtues may leave impressions on the soft, waxen hearts of the younger ones, to whom she may in the providence of God be called to fill the place of maternal guide.

Two of a Trade. A physician being summoned to a vestry, to reprimand the sexton for drunkenness, dwelt so long on the sexton's misconduct, that the latter indignantly replied, "Sir, I was in hopes you would have treated my failings with more gentleness, or that you wout have been the last man alive to appear against me as *I have covered so many blunders of yours!*"

April Jokes. A very significant joke was played off in Philadelphia on the 1st of April. Somebody enjoyed the reputation of not being as kind to his wife as he had promised to be, and there accordingly appeared on Wednesday in a placard on the corners of the streets, in staring capitals, as follows:

"*Any body who wants his wife whipped*, may send her to No. —— street," giving the number and name of the street. We hope the medicine had the desired effect.

Anecdote. The following *naive* promise was offered as an irresistable temptation to a fickly given inamorata:—"I like you," sighed the girl to her suitor, "but I can't leave home. I am a widow's only darling; no husband can ever *equal* my parents in kindness" "She is kind," pleaded the wooer; "but be my wife, we will all live together, and see if I don't *beat your mother*.

At an exhibition in Cleaveland, O., says the Herald, a young Indian in the course of his speech to the audience stated that "when he became civilized, he threw away his *paint* and *feathers*. If this be an evidence of civilization, there are some "*folks*" who live in the midst of civilization, uncivilized.

An Irish Claim for Damages. A late English paper says that a farmer has demanded compensation from the Cork and Bandon Railway Company, for injury which would be done to the *milk of his cows* by reason of the noise, steam, and smoke of the locomotives in their transit.

Within a few miles of Willmington, Del. there lives a merry cobbler whose nose is so very long, that when he takes snuff he is obliged to walk forward three paces to reach its point.

What a great matter a little spark kindleth, as the dwarf said to an old man, whose dander he had raised by courting his daughter.

"Is them old fellows alive now?" said an urchin to a teacher. "What old persons do you mean, my dear?" "Why Paul and Luke and Deuteronomy, and them."

A Judge in North Carolina has decided that speaking or bowing three times to a girl is equivalent to an engagement, and that if the gentleman does not ask her hand in marriage she can sue him for a breach of promise, and recover heavy damages. Boys, you had better let the girls alone.'

Good Wives. We have no reason any longer to complain of a dearth of good wives. Sixty-five of them called upon us during last week, and we had the pleasure of furnishing them all with certificates except three. The evidence went to show that those three were occasionally cross. They endeavored to excuse themselves; one attributed her crossness to a large corn on her little toe, another said that her husband crowded her almost out of bed every night; and the third said that her worst half ate all the soft out of the bread and left her the crust. We gave each of them a tract which treated on the duties of wives, told them to keep their faces clean and their shoes up at the heel, and sent them on their way rejoicing. [*Uncle Sam.*

"I wish you would not smoke cigars," said a plump black-eyed girl to her lover. "Why not I smoke as well your chimney?" "Because chimneys don't smoke when they are in good order." He has quit smoking.

The Boston "Chronotype," a little gem of a paper, that "examines everything that is new, and some things that are old, without fear or favor," tells some things that are more true than palatable. In alluding to the funeral services in memory of Mr. Torrey, it thus speaks of

Park Street Church.

Some of our readers may be curious to know how it came to pass that Mr. Torrey's funeral was announced to take place at Park street Church, a church which one would suppose from its course for half a generation past would dread such a tribute to a fearless, practical christian as the worst species of profanation. We suppose the application for it must have been made to gratify Mr. Ide, the brother-in-law of Mr. Torrey, who is a member of that church. It seems that the full committee who have the disposal of the church were not in town when the application was made, and it was granted on the responsibility of one of the members, who, good simple-minded man did not dream he was committing sacrilege. When the other members returned they revoked the grant and saved the peculiar holiness of the sanctuary from utter desecration. In the most momentous and important hurry they sent a messenger to one of the committee of arrangments, who aroused him out of sleep in his bed at 10 o'clock on Saturday night, to tell him that Park Street Church could not be let for Mr. Torrey's funeral! The funeral services were not what they expected! What a narrow escape—for both Park Street and the funeral!

Whether the body of the martyr himself would profane the sanctuary, or the discourse delivered by the brother of another martyr would pollute it, or profane and unholy men coming in to shed a tear over a fellow mortal who could be merciful without any more regard to his own interest than Jesus himself manifested, would destroy its sanctity, we are not informed. And as we feel perfectly sure that the body of Jesus of Nazareth would have been treated in the same way by the majority of the Park St. committee, we do not take any particular interest in the question. If they think they can afford to shut humanity out of their religion, they must try it. Our own private opinion is, that they could better afford to spare the doctrine of election or any other article from their creed, than a practical sympathy with the victims of slavery, and an out-spoken honor of the man, who when he saw one of the least of Christ's brethren inverse than prison-bondage, went and administered unto him and helped him out. It is quite needless for any of the Park St. folks to take offence at what we have here said, as it is only a little outbreak of insanity or monomania, and will continue to be so probably for about ten years, when all of a sudden it will change places in public estimation with the act of the Park St. Committee.

WM. D. VINALL, SURGEON DENTIST
Office, Merrimack Street, Corner of John Street, cor
THE DRUG STORE,
where he continues to perform all operations on the Teeth, both for their beauty and preservation. Particular attention paid to extracting and filling carious teeth with gold or any approved substance now in use, and thereby arresting the progress of decay, and rendering them useful for many years.
Mineral Teeth inserted on gold plate or pivot from a single tooth to a whole set. These are inserted as circumstances may require.
Another very important branch of Dental Science, consists in supplying upper sets of teeth on the principle of atmospheric pressure without springs.
☞ Teeth cleansed, extracted &c. Terms moderate. All operations warranted to give perfect satisfaction.
N. B. He would further say, that the most aggravating pain from decayed teeth, can in most cases be readily removed and the tooth saved. Lowell, m6tf.

LADIES! THIS WAY.
I. C. DARLIN & Co., would respectfully announce to the Citizens of Lowell and vicinity, that they have taken the Store,
NO. 7, MERRIMACK STREET,
for the manufacture of all kinds of Ladies', Misses', and Childrens' BOOTS & SHOES.
Now Ladies reform your Shoe bills, for we intend to manufacturing nothing but the best, and sell as cheap as the cheapest; and all shoes bought of us not proving as good as recommended, we will take it as a favor, to have them returned, and we will make them good by exchange or otherwise.
Lowell, April 17, 1846. n44 tf.

FRANKLIN BOOKSTORE AND PERIODICAL DEPOT.
C. A. BROWN,
BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,
No. 1 Union Building, one door south of the Town Hall, Manchester, N. H. A good assortment of papers and periodicals constantly on hand.

E. B. LEWIS,
HAIR-DRESSER AND PERFUMER,
REAR OF STAGE OFFICE,
No. 9 Central st. Lowell.

HENRY J. LOWE,
DEALER IN
GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.
Rich Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Fancy Goods, Cutlery, &c., &c.
☞ Repairing done in the best manner, at short notice
Fitchburg, Oct. 1845.

S. & C. SHEPLEY,
PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS,
Offer for sale an extensive assortment of
School, Miscellaneous & Blank Books.
Their Books are purchased upon the most reasonable terms for cash and will be sold as low as at any other Bookstore in Worcester County.
Fitchburg, Mass.

Dr. L. Adams,
SURGEON DENTIST,
ROOMS OVER THE POST OFFICE
☞ All operations warranted equal to any by whom-soever performed.
Fitchburg, Mass. Oct. 1845.

SILAS B. GOODNOW,
DEALER IN
GOLD & SILVER WATCHES JEWELRY &C.
Torrey & Wood's Brick Block, centre Store.
Fitchburg, Mass.

FOSTER'S
MOUNTAIN COMPOUND,
FOR THE HAIR.
THE MOUNTAIN COMPOUND is a combination of Tonics for the removal of diseases of the Skin. Its effects are powerful, and action quick and obvious in removing dandruff, and softening the hair when it is applied to the cutaneous surface of the head. The proprietor can refer to many prominent individuals in this city, whose hair has been brought out thick, where it was falling out and very thin from a diseased and weakened state of the skin.
The Mountain Compound is highly adapted to ladies' use and toilet dressing, and the inventor has sold hundreds of bottles for that purpose. The universal favor it meets with wherever it has been tried warrants it to be the best article ever offered to the public. It gives the hair a richness of lustre and luxuriancy of color unprecedented, and renders the most dry and turbulant hair *soft* and *moist several days or a week from one application.*
Unlike many articles for the hair it leaves *glutinous* and *sticky* to leave the hair matted and stiff as if a solution of sugar and water had been put on, but on the contrary, the hair will be found soft, silky, *bright*, and flowing, from using the Mountain Compound; and it may be curled and dressed in any form and appear perfectly natural.
Manufactured and sold by H. W. FOSTER, 65 Central Street, Lowell. 47tf.

DENTISTRY.
DR. MOWE—corner of Central and Hurd streets.
Wishes to inform the people of Lowell and vicinity that he is permanently located at the above specified place, where he is constantly attending to all diseases incident to the teeth. He inserts beautiful
Mineral Teeth on fine Gold Plate, $2 to $4·00
The best of Pivot Mineral Teeth 1 to 2·00
Filling with finest Gold Foil, 50c to 1·00
Extracting with improved instruments, 25c
Part and whole sets are inserted at this office at short notice, and perfect satisfaction warranted in all cases.
All materials used of the best quality. No teeth are used which change color, or the natural sweetness of the breath.
Dr Mowe has a remedy for the severest toothache.
Those who are unable to pay the full prices, may receive the benefit of his services by paying him only the cost of the material used, either for filling or plate.
Medicines to promote the healthiness of the gums supplied. Grateful for patronage received, he respectfully solicits the continuance of the same.
Office in *Courier Building*, 82 *Entrance from Central st*
Lowell, April 16, 1846. 45tf

DAGUERREOTYPE ROOMS.
A. W. VAN ALSTIN who formerly occupied the Rooms now occupied by T. Pearsons, in Wentworth's building, on Merrimack Street, would respectfully inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Lowell and vicinity, that he has again opened rooms
Corner of Central and Merrimack Streets,
Rooms formerly occupied by the Savings Bank, where the attention of all persons interested in procuring Likenesses of themselves or friends, or copies from Portraits, Miniatures, Paintings, Engravings, or Statuary, is particularly invited to examine his specimens. His arrangements are such, that he will take miniatures of children of any age—of diseased persons, either at his rooms or at private residences. In style of execution and picturesque effect, in boldness of character and beauty of expression, in variety of tone and delicacy of light and shadows, he will shun at the highest perfection possible.
Miniatures taken for Lockets for $1,00; In Plain Cases, $1,50; In Velvet Cases, $2,00.
☞ Miniatures taken every day, without regard to weather.
N. B.—Instruction given in the art, and every article appertaining to the business furnished—warranted of the best quality, and at the lowest price.
PLEASE CALL & EXAMINE SPECIMENS.
PLATED WARE OF ALL KINDS SILVERED.
☞ Perfect satisfaction given, or no charge. ☜
Lowell, April 17, 1846. 2m44.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
VOICE OF INDUSTRY,
THE PEOPLE'S PAPER,
ORGAN OF THE NEW ENGLAND WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT NO. 76, CENTRAL STREET, LOWELL, MASS.,

Devoted to the abolition of Mental, Moral and Physical Servitude, in all their complicated forms and the interests of the INDUSTRIAL CLASSES.

The Voice will contain a Female Department, under the immediate supervision of the LOWELL FEMALE LABOR REFORM ASSOCIATION, and be supported by contributions from the Operatives of this city and other manufacturing towns. Let no Workingman or Woman or friend of those who "toil and spin" and produce all the wealth of the nation, fail of becoming subscribers.

☞ PRICE—$1,00 *Per Year in Advance*.

TRAVELING AGENT—N. W. BROWN.

LOCAL AGENTS.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston—D. W. Parkman, James Campbell, S. H. Allen A. J. Wright, J. G. Kaulback.
Fitchburg—S. & C. Shepley, John Seism, C. N. Pratt E. F. Bailey.
Woburn—W. D. Leavitt.
Lynn—E. C. Darling, H. J. Chenoweth.
East Bridgewater—Levi B. Parker.
Chelmsford, (North Factory Village)—Moses Edwards
North Chelmsford—Joseph B. Pierce.
South Andover—William Irish.
Woburn, New Bridge—Charles C. Foster.
Northampton—Thomas Rogers.
Northbridge—H. O. Bean.
Milford—Hiram Hunt.
Lancaster—Sanborn Worthen.
Leominister—S. A. Smith.
Andover, Frye Village—David Middleton.
Habordale—A. S. Clark.
West Brookfield—S. Stoddard.
Palmer, Three Rivers—Nathan A. Crane.
Palmer—S. A. Fay.
Springfield—George F. Tannatt.
West Springfield—S. H. Lincoln.
Cabotville—E. F. Brown, Sophia Taylor.
Uxbridge—Lyman Smith.
Waltham—Wm. W. Pratt.
North Bridge—H. O. Bean.
Full River—Ruby Hatch, David Pierce.
New Bedford, 34 Russell St.—Wm. M. Allen.
Blackstone—Wm. R. Salsbury.
Reading—Abel H. Reed.
South Reading—George H. Willey.
Worcester—S. Thompson, Henry F. Robinson.
Quincy—T. C. Horn.
Middleborough—Thomas Leonard.
Taunton—Elisha Smith.
Easton—George Torrey.
North Easton—William S. Anderson.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

Manchester—D. P. Perkins, Walter French, C. A. Brown.
Lebanon—H. T. Young.
Claremont—Edward Burill.
Meredith Bridge—B. F. Palmer.
Epping—G. F. Lane.

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, J. S. & H. Rowe, Periodical Agents, Agency Paine, Anti-Slavery office.
Pawtucket, R. I.—G. W. Merriam, & Co.
Slatersville—R. A. Aldrich.
Woonsocket—L. E. Buxton, Melissa Royes.

Book and Job Printing,
neatly executed at the
Voice of Industry Office, No. 76, Central St.

HANDBILLS,	do	BOOKS,	do
SHOWBILLS,	do	PAMPHLETS,	do
SHOPBILLS,	do	CATALOGUES,	do
SHOEBILLS,	do	JUSTICE'S BLANKS,	do
LABELS,	do	BALL TICKETS,	do
TAXBILLS,	do	CARDS,	do
WARRANTS,	do	CIRCULARS,	do

and every variety of
LETTER PRESS PRINTING,
With entirely new Materials, and on the most reasonable Terms.